

# HOW THE CYCLERS ENJOYED THEMSELVES ON PALM SUNDAY.

## Gale Reddened Fair Cheeks on the Riverside Drive.

## CROWDS AT GRANT'S TOMB

## Ocular Proof Given That Gallantry Is Possible Awhile.

## SCORTS GAVE THEIR ARMS.

## To Help Distressed Maids Up Hill They Extended the Courtesy Hitherto Confined to Terra Firma.

It was a nipping and an eager air that fanned the faces of those who wheeled up the western slope of the loop around Claremont yesterday.

The broad face of the river down below was whipped into little wrinkles by a wind that swept up from the bay, and, mounting the bluff at a bound, crimsoned the cheeks and made sport with the curls of the pedalling fair.

It was a good wind to dismount in, half way up the grade, and, stacking one's mount at the curb, sit on a bench with one's back to the river and one's face to the great white tomb.

There, from midday to dusk, sat wheelmen and wheelwomen by the dozens and scores and hundreds. So many of them were there that every bench was crowded, so that they overflowed to the sword behind, and bloomers, skirts and "knickerbockers" were extended, care free, around the little monument erected to "an amiable child."

But it was a shifting concourse. If it was a good wind to dismount in, on the impulse of the moment, it was a still better wind to remount in when one had recovered one's breath. There was a tang to it that suggested the delicious and all manner of ill after a few moments of inaction following on the heels of hard riding, and it seemed a good and a healthful thing to take to the road again and face it manfully. Thus there was always some one making room for the newcomers, and everybody was satisfied.

Then there were those who declined to dismount at all, and they afforded entertainment for the benches. Next to his own wheel, your cyclist is always prepared to be interested in some other fellow's wheel, and next to his own bicycle girl, he is most susceptible to the charm and skill of the other fellow's bicycle girl.

His mounted folk showed no small disadvantage when they are struggling uphill in the teeth of a small gale, especially when their path is lined with critical spectators. But bicycling does not breed self-consciousness, and there are people who blush painfully when they walk up the aisle of a church who pedaled the gaudiest of Grant's tomb yesterday as competently as if there were no battalion of eyes gleaming upon them from the benches.

**Democracy and Aristocracy.** The passing show was a brave one. It was as if a new anything could be triumphant democracy of the wheel. The banker, a wheel for his health, rode pedal to pedal with the errand boy, who had spent half his wages for the hire of a

pleasing was the gallantry of bicycle escorts to their fair but distressed conveyances.

It was quite usual to see a bicycle man helping a bicycle maid up the hill by clutching her arm and pushing her along. But more remarkable, and far prettier was the spectacle of a bicycle maid taking the arm of her escort, just as though she had been on foot, and pedalling along at his side in that fashion.

It is a dainty trick, that. It is worth practicing, and it is here and now recommended with warmth to the attention of bicycle maids and bicycle men wherever they may be. It is as easy as falling off a well, a bicycle.

Any pair of riders who are ordinarily expected can do it. And it looks well. The bicycle has been charged with destroying some of the more delicate amenities of social intercourse. Here is a chance by which a man can offer to a woman a wheel attention just as gentle, as courteous and as timely as those he can offer afoot.

Central Park was not so well patronized as the Drive and Boulevard, although to a meditative rider its hills and dales, its

curves, its lakes, its shrublands, and its squirrels, offered attractions as potent in their way as the straightaway course, the brick arc and the glorious prospect of the Riverside route.

From this time onward the Park will be a delight, provided the watering cart drivers can be restrained from the perilous activity they exercised yesterday. The trees are just ready to burst into leaf. Already the willows on the lake shores have clothed themselves in a garment of tender green.

But those who rode through Central Park yesterday did so either because they feared the teeming traffic of the Boulevard, or because they were on route for Seventh avenue and trans-Harlem joys.

**Policeman Outrigger Them.** "They laughed when I told them to stop," said Bicycle Policeman Slattery, as he arrested Jeremiah Laurie, of No. 94 Mulberry street, and Philip Lavery, of No. 104 Mulberry street, on the charge of scorching. Slattery said he found the boys, who are nineteen and sixteen years old, riding up Second avenue past Fourteenth street at a twelve-mile gait. When they laughed at him and defied him to catch them he jumped on his wheel and went in pursuit.

There ensued a very lively chase. The scorches were tearing up Second avenue at an increased rate. They crossed over Twenty-third street to Gramercy Park, and were about to rip through that thoroughfare to Broadway, when they found the policeman hot upon them.

"Give him a twist around the Park," shouted Laurie, "and maybe he'll funk." So round the Park they spun. Slattery did not "funk." He kept right on, gaining every second. The scorches twisted and twisted, and were making the third lap when they were seized. They were young, but no exception was made in their case. They got \$10 each.

Three other single riders were brought up after and the same sauce was ladled out to them. "And I will make no exception in any case," said Magistrate Simms on closing court. "These scorches must be taught common sense. They not only destroy the safety of the travelling public, but they bring discredit on wheelmen. I think a great deal of both."

**Run Over and Thumped.** After Capsizing a Man with His Wheel, Gordon Assaulted the Victim for Being in the Way.

Adolph Rosenberg, of No. 27 Suffolk street, does not mind a little thing like being knocked down by a bicycle. He is used to it. But when the wheelman punches Mr. Rosenberg's head for getting in the way, the victim revolts.

Simon Gordon, of No. 102 Forsyth street, was fined \$5 in Essex Market Court, yesterday, for this novel departure in bicycling, and listened to a lecture on the ethics of the wheel by Magistrate Cornell.

Gordon was speeding along Broome street Saturday afternoon. When Gordon saw Rosenberg he rang the alarm bell, but did not slacken his speed. Rosenberg saw his danger, but could not get out of the way. The front wheel struck the man and sent him sprawling. Instead of continuing on his course, like most scorches, Gordon dismounted, came back, and again knocked down Rosenberg, who had scrambled to his feet.

"Why didn't you get out of the way?" demanded the wheelman. Rosenberg then felt insulted and caused the arrest of his assailant. Gordon paid the fine.

In the same court Victor Diamond, of No. 136 Suffolk street, was held for trial on a charge of assaulting with his bicycle, Morris Fisher, of No. 38 Ludlow street. Diamond was scorching on Broome street Saturday afternoon, and knocked his victim down at the corner of Ludlow street. The fall resulted in a severe laceration of his feet.

**BERG LOST HIS PEDALS.** His Wheel Struck a Tree and He is Now in Seney Hospital.

Joseph Berg, thirty-three years old, of No. 24 Humboldt street, Brooklyn, went out for a pleasure ride on his bike yesterday afternoon in Prospect Park, and last night found himself a patient in the Seney Hospital.

He was going down the hill on the west driveway, near the Ninth street gate, when his feet slipped the pedals and he lost control of the wheel. The bike ran into a tree and was smashed. He was thrown and received badly lacerated wounds on the hip, nose and forehead. He was attended by Ambulance Surgeon Foreman and removed to the hospital.

**Wheels Jolt at a Corner.** An unknown bicyclist, going west on One Hundred and Eleventh street, at 6 p. m. yesterday, ran into a wheel ridden by William H. Birdsell, who was speeding along Fifth avenue toward his home, at One Hundred and Eighteenth street and Madison avenue. Birdsell was thrown and received an ugly scalp wound. He was picked up unconscious. Ambulance Surgeon Hubby, of the Harlem Hospital, dressed his wounds and took him home.

**HIS BRIDE A MANIAC.** Bernstein Seeks a Divorce from the Wife Who Went Insane Just After Their Marriage.

Nathan Bernstein, a Harlemite, recently married Rosa Cohen, of Harrison street, Paterson, N. J., and the bride went insane immediately after the ceremony. Now he is about to begin a suit for divorce. He claims he was duped and deceived into marrying a crazy woman. Her parents claim that his coldness and the girl's excitement combined to bring on the unhappy denouement.

The betrothed pair had furnished a cozy home in Harlem and invited their friends to the wedding ceremony in Institute Hall, Paterson, N. J., on March 18. Rabbi Tuntz, of the Congregation Ahavath Joseph, performed the ceremony. Rosa was radiant in white satin. Her sister, Elsie, was maid of honor. A hundred friends looked on. Just as the ceremony was ended the bride reeled backward and shrieked in frenzy. Friends hurriedly took her from the hall to the home of her parents. Bernstein hurried after and found, it is said, that his worst fears were confirmed. He tore up the marriage parchment and cast it in the faces of his bride's parents, declaring that he had been deceived and was not legally married.

Eminent specialists from New York were summoned and advised rest and quiet in a sanitarium. Mrs. Bernstein talks rationally at times and Dr. Wessler, who is in charge, confidently hopes that she will recover her reason. The details of the affair were kept quiet and have just become known. Rabbi Tuntz declares the pair legally married and says Bernstein's only remedy is in a legal separation. Steps to this end, it is said, have already been taken.

## IT COSTS TEN DOLLARS TO SCORCH.

## Magistrate Simms Fixes a New Rate and Puts It in Force.

Boulevard bicyclists will be at the mercy of Magistrate Simms for twenty days. He began his term in the Yorkville Police Court yesterday and expressed a determination to do all in his power to teach wheelmen that city ordinances were passed as much for the protection of the lives of

innocent people as for anything else. He is down on the scorcher and the trick rider. He is an enthusiastic wheelman himself and belongs to several well-known clubs. Any one deemed guilty of reckless riding by Magistrate Simms after this need not expect to get out of the trouble with less than a fine of \$10. This was the sum he fined eight young men who were brought before him yesterday.

Arthur Blevin, of No. 364 West Fifty-eighth street, and William Greenblatt, of No. 1 East One Hundred and Sixth street, were the first victims of the Magistrate's new rule. They are employees of a bicycle company, and were arrested by Policeman John Ormsby while riding a tandem machine at Sixty-fourth street and the Boulevard, Saturday afternoon. Ormsby swore the two were riding from side to side of the thoroughfare at a furious rate, and that Greenblatt, who was on the rear saddle, was seated with his back to Blevin.

"They did not seem to care for the safety of any one," said Ormsby. "I was afraid they would run some one down before I could arrest them."

The two riders put in the defence that they meant no harm, and that the wheel was a trick machine which they had made themselves.

"I'll reach you a trick worth two of that," said Mr. Simms. "Ten dollars each."

Ormsby also gathered in Frank O'Rourke, of West Sixty-fourth street, who said he had been riding at a rate of fifteen miles all hour on the Boulevard.

"It's worth \$10 to ride in the city at that rate," Mr. Simms replied. O'Rourke's breath was almost taken away when sentenced.

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men fought for the privilege of checking his wheel, and other wheelmen clamored to know what make of machine he was riding, and questioned him on every other point that occurred to the curious. The Chinaman's cycling suit was the regulation Caucasian affair. It was of blue material, but instead of a cap he wore a slouch hat, which hid his queue if he had one.

**Edward F. Redgate, a leading spirit in the Brooklyn Bicycle Club, met with a serious accident yesterday afternoon. He is a brother of Rose Redgate, the young woman who was murdered last September by William Koerner, the young newspaper artist.**

A large party of Brooklyn Bicycle Clubmen had a dinner at Stillwell's, Gravesend Beach. The man, according to many of the riders, was of the kind that makes one old at an early age, and they washed down the good things with Burgundy. The dinner over, Redgate and his clubmates started on the return trip. Some were on "quads"

on the cycle path that riders had to be on their mettle to avoid collisions.

The members of practically all the Brooklyn clubs went on informal runs. No one of them has yet undertaken a formal run. Nearly fifty of the Kings County Wheelmen went to Patchogue, the South Brooklyn took Coney Island by storm, and the Long Island Wheelmen divided their forces between several routes to near-by towns.

The innovation of the day was a Chinaman wheel on the cycle path. He was the first of that race the spectators had seen astride a wheel, and they greeted him with a warwhoop. From the time he left Prospect Park till he reached Surf avenue he received as great attention as his illustrious countryman, Li Hung Chang, when he went touring through Brooklyn in a carriage.

At Coney Island the yellow-headed rider was received uproariously. Bicycle rack

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## CYCLE PATH BLACK WITH WHEELMEN.

## Edward F. Redgate, Brother of the Dead Alice, Hurt at Bath Beach.

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